

Binder: H

Folder:

Title: 8 TFW Stag Bar

Author/Compiler:

Branch of Service: U.S. Air Force

Unit: 8th Tactical Fighter Wing

Date:

Location: Kunsan Air Base, Korea

Source: Getz Collection

Notes: Includes cover, 2-page table of contents, and 22 numbered pages with 49 +  
Following the typewritten pages are 6 additional photocopied pages containing  
ten handwritten song texts (numbered 50 to 59), which are not listed in  
table of contents.  
Cover page has owner signature.

Sur Copy

Hand  
Gene Walcott



8 TFW STAG BAR

Kunsan AB, Korea



RESTRICTED  
NOT TO BE TAKEN INTO THE  
MAIN BAR

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

I

## THE 8th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING - STAG BAR SONGS

#1	- OLD GRAY BUSTLE ✓	Page 1
#2	- SALLY ✓	Page 1
#3	- THE BALLS OF O'LEARY ✓	Page 1
#4	- I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE ✓	Page 1
#5	- MARY ANN BURNS	Page 1
#6	- HUMORESQUE	Page 2
#7	- UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABLE	Page 2
#8	- MY HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN	Page 2
#9	- ADELINE SCHMIDT	Page 3
#10	- SAMMY SMALL	Page 3
#11	- RING DANG DOO	Page 4
#12	- NO BALLS AT ALL	Page 5
#13	- NELLY DARLING	Page 5
#14	- KOTEX SONG	Page 5
#15	- THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHIRSTMAS	Page 5
#16	- THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL	Page 6
#17	- TIME MY PECKER AROUND A TREE	Page 6
#18	- THE MOUSE	Page 7
#19	- THE LADY IN RED	Page 7
#20	- LET'S HAVE A PARTY	Page 7
#21	- GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW	Page 8
#22	- BLESS'EM ALL	Page 8
#23	- ROLL YOUR LEG OVER	Page 9
#24	- SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME	Page 9
#25	- OH IT'S BEER BEER BEER	Page 10
#26	- ROLL ME OVER	Page 10
#27	- I LOVE MY WIFE	Page 10
#28	- THE DILL DO	Page 10
#29	- KUNSAN	Page 11
#30	- SAIGON CITY	Page 11
#31	- WHY DO THE DRUMS GO BOOM	Page 12
#32	- THE SCOTCH WEDDING	Page 13

TABLE OF CONTENTS CON'T:

II

#33	- WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLY	Page 14, 15 & 16
#34	- THE HAMBURG ZOO	Page 16, 17
#35	- POEM	Page 17
#36	- POEM	Page 17
#37	- POEM	Page 17
#38	- OLD WOMAN FROM CIDER	Page 17
#39	- BLESSED ARE WOMEN	Page 18
#40	- THE SHEEPHERDER LAY	Page 18
#41	- THEM TOAD SUCKERS	Page 18
#42	- THEM DOODLE DASHERS	Page 18
#43	- THEM MOOSE GOOSERS	Page 19
#44	- A NIGHT IN KUNSAN KOREA	Page 19
#45	- RANGY LIL	Page 20
#46	- POEM	Page 20
#47	- DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW	Page 21
#48	- CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY	Page 21
#49	- CATS ON THE ROOF TOP	Page 21 & 22



#1

OLD GRAY BUSTLE TUNE: OLD GRAY BONNET

PAGE 1

Put on your old <sup>a</sup>gray bustle and get out and hustle,  
 For tomorrow the rent's coming due.  
 Put your ass in clover, let the boys look it over,  
 If you can't get five, take two.

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your aunties,  
 And we'll go for a tussle<sup>a</sup> in the hay.  
 Now there's no use duckin' cause you're gonna get a fuckin',  
 In the good old fashioned way.

Put on your old <sup>a</sup>gray corset, if it won't fit, force it,  
 For the fleet is coming in today.  
 As the bees make honey, let your ass make money,  
 In the good old fashioned way.

Put on that old blue ointment, the crabs' disappointment,  
 And we'll kill those bastards where they lay.  
 Though it scratches and it itches, it will kill those sons-of-bitches,  
 In the good old fashioned way.

#2

SALLY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders  
 Lifted up her leg and farted like a man  
 Wind from her bloomers broke six winders  
 Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM

#3

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY TUNE: THE BELLS OF ST. MARY

The Balls of O'Leary  
 Are wrinkled and hairy  
 They're shapely and stately  
 Like the Dome of St. Paul  
 The women all muster  
 To see that great cluster  
 They stand and they stare  
 At that hairy great pair  
 Of O'Leary's Balls

#4

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

Oh I want to play piano in a whore house  
 That is my one desire  
 Some people may be bankers,  
 Or farmers out in Butte  
 I just want to play in a house of ill repute

Now you may think this strange, my advocacy  
 But cardinal copulation's here to stay  
 I don't want fame or riches  
 I want to play for those old bitches  
 I want to play piano in a whore house

#5

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats  
 She can do tricks that will give a man the shits  
 Roll green peas up her fundamental orifice  
 Do a double back flip, catch'em on her tits  
 She's a great big son-of-a-bitch twice the size of me  
 With hair around her ass like the branches on a tree  
 She can SHIT, FART, FIGHT, FUCK, ROLL A BARREL, DRIVE A TRUCK  
 Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

Passengers will please refrain  
 From flushing toilets while the train  
 Is standing in the station, I love you  
 As we go strolling through the park  
 And goosing shadows in the dark  
 If Sherman's horse can take it, why can't you

You're the guy that did the pushing  
 Put wet spots on the cushion  
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down  
 Ever since you met my daughter  
 She's had trouble passing water  
 Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing  
 Put the wet spots on the cushion  
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down  
 Since I met you daughter Venus  
 I've had trouble with my penis  
 Wish I'd never seen your God Damn town

#7 UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL TUNE: Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Uncle John & Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table,  
 This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning,

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night,  
 Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon

A-MEN

#8 MY HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub  
 My mother makes two kinds of gin  
 My sister makes love for a living  
 My God how the money rolls in

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in  
 Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary  
 He saves little girlies from sin  
 He'll save you a blonde for five dollars ~~and a~~  
 My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards  
 My auntie she poses for him  
 Her costume cost nary a penny  
 My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey  
 I tried making all kinds of gin  
 I tried making love for a living  
 My God the condition I'm in

Chorus:

Sin, Sin, Sin, Sin, My God the condition I'm in, I'm in  
 Sin, Sin, Sin, Sin, My God how the money rolls in

My fater he died in the bathtub  
 My mother she died in the gin  
 My siter she married my brother  
 MY GOD WHAT A MESS I'M IN

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt  
 She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit  
 He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass  
 Up went the window and out went her ass

Chorus: It was brown, brown shit falling down  
 Brown, Brown shit all around  
 It was brown, brown shit falling down  
 Covered ~~all over~~ with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT  
 The whole world was covered

A handsome young copper was walking his best  
 He happened to be on that side of the street  
 He looked up so bashful, He looked up so shy  
 And a great gob of shit hit him right in the eye

The handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore  
 He called that young maiden a dirty old whore  
 'Neath London Bridge he is now forced to sit  
 With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

## #10

## SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck'em all  
 Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck'em all  
 Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball  
 But that's better than none at all, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I killed a man dead, fuck'em all  
 Oh, they say I killed a man dead, fuck'em all  
 Oh, they say I killed a <sup>man</sup> dead, with a fucking piece of lead  
 Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I've got to swing, fuck'em all  
 Oh, they say I've got to swing, fuck'em all  
 Oh, they say I've got to swing, from a fucking piece of string  
 What a silly fucking thing, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck'em all  
 Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck'em all  
 Oh, they say I greased the rope, from a fucking bar of soap  
 What a silly fucking joke, so fuck them all

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck'em all  
 Oh, the parson he will come, fuck'em all  
 Oh, the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come  
 He can shove them up his bung, so fuck them all

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck'em all  
 Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck'em all  
 Oh, the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking task  
 What a silly fucking ass, so fuck them all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck'em all  
 Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck'em all  
 Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew  
 They have fuck all else to do, so fuck them all

I see Molly in the crowd, fuck'em all  
 I see Molly in the crowd, fuck'em all  
 I see Molly in the crowd, and I feel so fucking proud  
 That I'm shouting right out loud:

OH, FUCK'EM ALL

When I was young and sweet sixteen  
I met a girl from New Orleans  
Oh she was young and pretty too  
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that  
It's round and soft like a pussy cat  
It's round and soft and split in two  
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

"CHORUS"

She took me down into the cellar  
She said I was a very fine feller  
She gave me wine and whiskey too  
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed  
She placed a pillow beneath my head  
And then she took my hickey-floo  
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell  
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell  
She told her ma and father to  
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore  
You've gone and lost your maidens lore  
Pack up your bag and your nighty too  
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore  
She hung a sign upon her door  
Five dollars now nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went  
And the price went down to fifteen cents  
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son-of-a-bitch  
He had the crabs and the jockey itch  
He had the syph and diarrhea too  
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall  
They pickled her ass in alcohol  
Now all you bums and hobo's too  
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall  
And they engraved upon the wall  
She's learned her lesson and you should too  
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo



There once was girl named Sara McFox  
 With hair on her chest and cheese in her box  
 She married a man named Patrick McCall  
 With a very short peter and no balls at all

Chrous: No balls at all  
 No balls at all  
 A very short peter and no balls at all

The very first night that they were wed  
 They took all their clothes and went straight to bed  
 She reached for his pecker, it was very samall  
 She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?  
 I've married a man who never can screw  
 I reached for his pecker, it was very small  
 I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Oh daughter dear, daughter don't be sad  
 It was the same trouble I had with your dad  
 The daughter went home, took her mothers advice  
 And found the results most exceedingly nice  
 A bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
 To the wife of a man who had no balls at all.

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly Darling  
 And the nipples on your tits are turning green  
~~There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel~~  
~~There's a million crabs abounding on your titty~~  
 You the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen  
~~There's an odor of blue diamond round your pussy~~  
~~There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel~~  
 And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass  
 There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle  
 So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well  
 When the end of the month rolls around  
 Now she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms  
 When the end of the month rolls around  
 For it's hi, hi, hee in the Kotex industry  
 Call out your sizes loud and strong  
 Super-Junior-Band-Aid  
 For where ere you go, the blood will always flow  
 When the end of the month rolls around

On the 1st day of Christmas my true love gave to me:

	A hand job in a pear tree
2nd day	Two brass balls
3rd day	Three french ticklers
4th day	Four cock suckers
5th day	Five Mother Fuckers
6th day	Six sacks of shit
7th day	Severn scrotums swinging
8th day	Eight assholes itching
9th day	Nine nipples nibbling
10th day	Ten titties tingling
11th day	Eleven lesbians licking
12th day	Twelve twats a twitching

#16

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

PAGE 6

<sup>fucking pilot</sup>  
An airman told me before he died  
And I don't think that the bastard lied  
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide  
That she could never be satisfied

So he invented a prick of steel  
Driven by a bloody great wheel  
Two brass Balls all filled with cream  
And the whole fucking <sup>thing</sup> issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the prick of steel  
Until at last the maiden <sup>cried</sup> cried, <sup>In and out until she's cried,</sup>  
"Enough, enough. I'm satisfied"

But now we come to the bitter bit  
There was no way of stopping it  
She was split from her ass to her tit  
And the whole fucking <sup>place</sup> issue was covered with shit

#17

TIE MY PECKER AROUND A TREE TUNE: Chisolm Trail

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny  
She said boy you can't have any

Chorus: Come and tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree  
Come and tie my pecker to a tree

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel  
She said for that you don't even get a tickle

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime  
She said young man you're wasting your time

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter  
She said young man I'm a preachers daughter

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half  
She said young man you make me laugh

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits  
All she did was wiggle her tits

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck  
She said young man you've bought a fuck

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink  
Oh my God how her pussy did stink

Fucked her sittin', fucked her lying'  
If I'd had wings I'd fucked her flying

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw  
Fifteen crabs and big blue ball

I went to the a doctor, cause my pecker was sore  
My God said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see, I'm a peckerless man  
I fuck'em with my finger and fool'em when I can

#18

THE MOUSE✓

PAGE 7

Or The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor  
And the bar was closed for the night  
When out of <sup>his house</sup> a hole came a little brown mouse  
And sat in the pale moonlight  
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor  
And back on his haunches he sat <sup>his song:</sup>  
And all night long you could hear him roar:  
"BRING ON THE GOD DAMNED CAT!!!"

#19

THE LADY IN RED

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving  
O'Leary was closing the bar  
When he turned and he said to a lady in red  
"Get out, you can't stay where you are"  
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead  
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper  
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her  
The things a young firl should know  
About the ways of Air Force men  
And how they come and go, mostly go.....  
Now age has taken her beauty  
And sin has left its sad scar  
So remember you mothers and sisters, boys  
And let her sleep under the bar.

#20

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go around  
World go round, world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
So let's have a party

We're going to tear down the bar in our club	Boo
We're gonnabuild a NEW bar	Ray
It's only gonna be a foot wide	Boo
But it'll be a MILE long	Ray
There'll be no bartenders in our bar	Boo
We're gonna have BARMAIDS	Ray
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	Boo
Made of CELLOPHANE	Ray
You can't take our barmaids home	Boo
They'll take YOU home	Ray
You can't sleep with our barmaids	Boo
They won't LET you sleep	Ray
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass	Boo
Whiskey FREE	Ray
Only one to a customer	Boo
Served in BUCKETS	Ray
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	Boo
Then we'll all go swimming	Ray
No girls allowed above the first	Boo
With their CLOTHES ON	Ray
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	Boo
And no dancing on the LOVING floor	Ray

Parties make the world go round  
World go round, world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY

There's an old hollow tree down the road here from me  
Where you lay down a dollar or two  
Then you go round the bend and when you come back again  
Your jug's full of the good old mountain dew

## Chorus:

They call it that good old mountain dew  
And them that refuse it are few  
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug  
With that good old mountain dew

My bother Bill has a still on the hill-  
Where he runs off a gallon or two  
The birds in the sky get so drunk they can't fly  
Just from smellin' that good old mountain dew

Now my uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short  
Only measures bout four foot two  
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint  
Of that good old mountain dew

My old aunt June, brought some brand new perfume  
And it had such a sweet smelling phew  
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed  
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

The flak gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick'  
When you've been on a rail cut or two  
But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort  
Of that good old mountain dew

Bless'em all, Bless'em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless all the instructors  
Who taught me to fly  
Sent me up solo and left me to die  
So if ever your blow jet should stall  
You're due for one hell of a fall  
No lillys or violets for dead fighter pilots  
So cheer up my lads, Bless'em all

Bless'em all, Bless'em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless all the sergeants  
The sour <sup>good</sup> puss-ones <sup>airmen with</sup>  
Bless all the corporals and their dopey sons  
Cause we're saying good-bye to them all  
The long and the short and the tall  
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean  
So while we are here, Bless'em all



Oh if all little girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower  
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river  
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture  
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits  
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens  
And I were a fox I surely would fix'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr  
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover  
And I were a bull I would chase them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers  
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens  
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little old turtles  
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Bypsy Rose Lee  
And I were her G/string oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would  
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool  
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

Show me the way to go home  
I'm tired and I want to go to bed  
I had a little drink about an hour ago  
And it went right to my head  
Wherever I may roam  
On land or sea or foam  
You will always hear me singing this song  
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode  
I'm fatigued and I want to retire  
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago  
And it went right to my cerebeelum  
Wherever I may perambulate  
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor  
You can always hear me crooning this melody  
Indicate the way to my abode

Oh it's beer, beer, beer  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the Corps, in the Corps  
Oh it's beer, beer, beer  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Force

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see  
I have not brought my specs with me

Whiskey - That makes you feel so friskey  
Gin - That makes you want to sin  
Vodka - That makes you feel you oughta  
Sautern - That makes your belly burn  
Vermouth - The makes you feel uncouth  
Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'  
Wine - That makes you feel so fine  
Rum - That makes you feel so dumb  
Rye - That makes you feel so sly  
Brandy - That makes you feel so dandy  
Likker - That makes you ever sicker  
Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy

#26

ROLL ME OVER

Now this is number one and the song has just begun

## CHORUS

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again  
Roll me over in the clover  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew.  
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee.  
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor.  
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh.  
Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix.  
Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven.  
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate.  
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine.  
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

#27

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do  
I love her truly.  
I love the hole that she pisses through.  
I love her tits, tiddly-its, tiddly-its  
And her little brown asshole.  
I'd eat her shit - gobble, gobble  
Chomp, Chomp  
With a rusty spoon.

#28

THE DILL DO

What is a Dill Do Daddy?  
Asked my young daughter aged 9  
A Dill Do my chick  
Is a property prick  
About 5 times the size of mine

Your mother got one for Christmas  
It hung on the Christmas Tree  
Now she has it away  
About 5 times a day  
And she don't give a fuck for me

Way out in Korea  
Is a place called the Kun  
If I never see it agin  
It will be to soon

The winters are cold  
And the wind it does blow  
You sit down in Silver Town  
Theres no place to go

The guys at Randolph  
Sent me to this Wing  
They said son you'll like it  
It's career broadening

The Yo's down in A Town  
Make the time pass away  
For 4,000 Won  
You're a lover all day

So come you young fellas  
And listen to me  
I'll sing you a sad song  
Of Kunsan by the sea

Oscar and OB  
Help ease the pain  
Better have another  
It's past midnight again

The summers are hot there  
And ripe Kim Chee tastes swell  
The paddies are growing  
They stink like hell

One day it will happen  
The 3 holers for me  
And I'll never remember  
Old Kunsan by the Sea

#30

<sup>Kunsan AB</sup>  
SAIGON CITY

TUNE: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Here's to old Saigon, it's a  
hell of a place  
The way things are run is  
a frigging disgrace  
There's Captains, and Majors  
and Lite Colonels too  
With their thumbs up their  
asses and nothing to do

They stand on the flightline  
and scream and they shout  
They scream about things they  
know nothing about  
For all the good they do, they  
might as well be  
Shoveling Shit on the Isle of Capri

It's up in the morning and  
to the latrine  
It burns when I pee cause  
I've been with a queen  
I've got it bad, and I'm  
telling you  
If you don't quit "short timing"  
you'll have it too

When this year is over we'll  
all go back home  
Back to our round-eyes and  
never more roam  
To hell with old Saigon <sup>Kunsan</sup> and  
her misery <sup>Kunsan</sup>  
To hell with old Saigon and  
all her VD.

I had a little girl down in Baltimore  
But the funk from her drawers knocked me flat on the floor

CHORUS: She's a rotten motherfucker and I love her so  
She's my little girl from Baltimore  
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?  
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?  
Why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?  
Why do the drums go boom?

Well...I took her to the chruch just to meet all the people  
But the funk from her drawers knocked the cross off the steeple

Well...I took her to the store just to buy some peas  
But the funk from her drawers knocked the clerk on his knees

Well...I took her to the form just to get a job  
But the funk from her drawers knocked the corn off the cob

Well...I took her to the movie but the crowd got mad  
When the funk from her drawers knocked the flick off the screen

Well...I took her to the beach man she was a dish  
But the funk from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish

Well...I took her to the club for a bite to eat  
But the funk from her drawers burned a hole in the seat

Well...I took her to Korat just to meet the Thais  
But the funk from her drawers brought the tears to their eyes

Well...I took her to the field just to watch me fly  
But the funk from her drawers knocked my Thud from the sky

Well...I took her down to Veenas but they started bitchen  
When the funk from her drawers drew the flies from the kitchen

Well...I took her to my hooch cause I thought I's score  
But the funk from her drawers burned the paint off the door

Well...I took her to the park just to roll in the grass  
But the funk from her drawers curled the hairs on my ass

Well...I took her to my room and I started to hunch  
But the funk from her drawers made me blow my lunch

Well...I slipped it up her tubes and I tried to coat'em  
But the funk from her drawers peeled the skin off my scrotum

Well...I fucked her on the floor man it was a feeling  
When the funk from her drawers stuck my ass to the ceiling

Well...I paid her fifty bucks cause it was a thrill  
But the funk from her drawers wiped the ink off the bill

Well...They took my little girl to the police station  
Said the funk from her drawers was a threat to the nation

Well...They took her to the court for speedy trial  
But the funk from her drawers laid the judge in the aisle

Well...They locked her in a jail but she's doin well  
Cause the funk from her drawers killed the rats in her cell

Well...I lost my little girl but I didn't mind  
Cause the funk from her drawers nearly made me blind



Prelude: There was a ball a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir  
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth  
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself

Chorus: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo  
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom  
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front  
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree

Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits  
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the oats  
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

The were fucking in the barley, fucking in the ricks  
You couldn't hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls  
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs  
You couldn't see the carpets for the come and curly hairs

OR ELDER

The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool  
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling throught his tool

Plowman Jock he was there, the bugger wouldn't dance  
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance

The firey Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers  
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much  
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with his crutch

The chimney sweep and he was there, we had to put him oot  
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox  
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked a letter box

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest  
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best

*The Village Prostitute she was there a lying on the floor  
every time she spread her legs the suction shot the come*

There was a young man from Boston  
Who traded his car for an Austin  
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas  
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

I Yi Yi Yi, <sup>fishy pilots eat pussy</sup> in china they don't eat chili  
So sing us another verse

That's worse than the other verse

Oh, waltz me around again willy

CHORUS

There was a young man from Dundee  
Who <sup>buggered</sup> an ape in a tree  
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead  
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young man from Kildair  
Who buggered his girl on the stairs  
The bannister broke, he doubled his stoke  
And finished her off in mid air

There was a young queer from Khartuom  
Who took a young lesbian to his room  
They argued all night, as to who had the right  
To doo what, with which, and to whom

There was a professor from the Mall  
Who possessed a cylindrical ball  
The cube root of it's weight, plus his penis, plus eight  
Was one half of two thirds of fuck all

There was a young girl from St. Paul  
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball  
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire  
Front page, sports section and all

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack  
And pissed all over the ceiling

There was a young man from Nantucket  
Whose dick was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin  
If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it

There was a young man from Kent  
Whose dick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble, he put it in double  
And instead of coming, he went

There once was a man of class  
Whose balls were made of brass  
When they swung together, they played stormy weather  
And lightning shot out of his ass

There once was a girl from France  
Who boarded a train by chance  
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor  
And the brakeman went off in his pants

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick  
And rubbed all his foreskin away

There once was girl named Gail  
Between her tits was the price of her tail  
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind  
Was the same information in braille

There was a young bishop from Birmingham  
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin' em  
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers  
And slipped his Episcopal worm in' em

There was a young man from Brock  
Who tied a violin string to his cock  
With just one erection, he could play a selection  
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young lady from Ransom  
Who had it three times in a hansom  
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor  
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson

There was a young man from Sparta  
Who was the worlds champion farter  
On the strength of one bean, he played God Save the Queen  
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

There once was a man from Rangoon  
Who was born by the light of the moon  
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck  
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge  
And he was his parents' disparage  
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother  
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There once was a pilot from K-2  
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu  
He said to the Doc, as he handed him his cock  
Will I lose both my testicles too

There once was a man from Trieste  
Who loved his wife with a zest  
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowels  
And deposited the mess on her breast

In the garden on Eden sat Adam  
With his hand on the butt of his madam  
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth  
There were only two balls and he had'em

There was an old hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit  
But think of the money I save

There once was a girl named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus  
They found her vagina, in South Carolina  
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno  
Said fucking is one thing I do know  
All women are fine, and sheep are divine  
But llamas are numero uno

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM CHALLOT  
WHO DINED ON VOMIT AND SNOT.  
HE SAID "IT'S A BREEZE"  
AS HE ATE THE GREEN CHEESE  
AND MATTERS TWAT

There was a young man from New Brighton  
 Who said my dear you've a tight one  
 Said she pon my soul, you have the wrong hole  
 It's the one up in front that's the right one

There was a man from St James  
 Who played most unusual games  
 He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch  
 And laughed as she pissed through the flames

There once was a man named McGruder  
 Who wooed a nude in Bermuder  
 How the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude  
 But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

There was a young man from Kieth  
 Who skinned back pricks with his teeth  
 It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted the measure  
 But for cheese he found underneath

There was a young man from Nottingham  
 Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham  
 Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and the punts  
 And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham

There once was a girl from the Azores  
 Whose cunt was all covered with sores  
 The dogs in the street, would not eat the green meat  
 That hung in festoons from her drawers

There was a young girl from Peru  
 Who said as the Bishop withdrew  
 The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick  
 And considerably thicker than you

There was a young priest from Dundee  
 Who went to the garden to pee  
 He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come  
 I guess I've got C L A P

There was a young girl named Myrtle  
 Who was raped on the beach by a turtle  
 The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck  
 Which proved that the turtle was fertile

There was a young lady from Twilling  
 Who went to the dentist for a drilling  
 But because of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity  
 And now she's nursing her filling

## #34

THE HAMBURG ZOO

## CHORUS:

Oh, We're going to the Hamburg Zoo  
 To see the elephant<sup>OFF</sup> and the wild Kangaroo  
 We'll all be together  
 In fair or stormy weather  
 We're going to the Hamburg Zoo

The Alligator

Over here, ladies and gentlemen we have the al-l-gat-or  
 Each year the female al-l-gat-or swims upstream and lays one million eggs  
 The male al-l-gat-or follows her upstream and eat 999,999 of those eggs  
 Why does he eat all those eggs?  
 Otherwise he'd be up to our ears in al-l-gat-ors



The Leopard

Over here we have the Le-o-pard     A LE-OPARD?  
 The Le-o-pard who has one spot for every day of the year  
 Lift up the Le-o-pards tail and show the lady the 24th of November

The tight skinned owl

Here we have the tight skinned owl     THE TIGHT SKINNED OWL?  
 Whose skin is so tight that everytime he blinks his eyes he masturbates himself  
 Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes

The Orangatang

The O-rang-a-tang whose balls hang so low that everytime he swings from tree to tree his balls go O-rang-a-tang

The Ki Ki Bird

Over here ladies and gentlemen, we have the Ki Ki bird.     THE KIKI BIRD?  
 The Ki Ki bird who flies in ever decreasing circles  
 Until he flies up his own asshole  
 The Ki Ki bird can be distinguished by his inimitable cry  
 Ki Ki Ki-ris it's dark in here

The Lost Tribe of Africa

Here we have the lost tribe of Africa  
 The lost tribe of Africa who wandered lost in the jungle for many a year  
 The lost tribes cry could be heard in the jungle Fuga we-Fuga we, where the  
 Fug are we.

The Horny Bird

The female horny bird can be distinguished by her cry  
 Want Some, Want Some, Want Some  
 And the male horny bird by his cry  
 Here it tis, Here it tis, Here it tis

## #35

TOAST to ROAST

Here's to the girl in the high heeled shoes  
 She'll take your money and drink your booze  
 She'll hug you and kiss you and say she's your lover  
 Then she'll go home and sleep with her mother

## #36

Heres to the girl with bright blue eyes  
 And the patch of hair between her thighs  
 She's got no dick but thats no sin  
 She's got a damn fine place to put one in

## #37

I drink to your health when we're together  
 I drink to your health when I'm alone  
 I drink to your health so god damn often  
 I'm rapidly loosing my own

## #38

OLD WOMAN FROM CIDER

There was an old woman from cider  
 Threw her leg over a spider  
 The spider got mad  
 Stuck out his lad  
 And swore by the bible he'd lay her

Blessed are women those creatures devine  
Blossom every month, bear every nice  
The're the only creatures in either heaven or hell  
Who can get juice out of a nut without cracking the shell

THE SHEEPHERDER LAY

The sheepherder lay in the tall, tall grass  
His favorite dog lay close to his ass  
Through a hole in his worn blue coveralls  
A toothless Ewe lay licking his balls  
A Magpie watched from a fence close by  
Gazing at the scene with practiced eye  
His gun went off, the old Ewe quit  
The hound dog yelped, the Magpie shit

THEM TOAD SUCKERS

How about them toad suckers  
Ain't they hogs?  
Sittin' there sucking  
Them green toady frogs

Suckin' them hop toads  
Suckin' them chunkers  
Suckin' them leafy types  
Suckin' them plunkers

Look at them toad suckers  
Ain't they snappy  
Suckin them bog frogs  
Sure makes 'em happy

Them hugger mugger toad suckers  
Way down South  
Stickin' them sucky toads  
In they mouth

How to be a toad sucker  
No way to duck it  
Get yourself a toad  
Rare back and suck it

THEM DOODLE DASHERS

How about the doodle dashers  
Ain't they jewels  
Jumpin' out of bushes  
Wavin' they tools

Jumpin out of palm trees  
Jumpin out of shrubs  
Leapin out of flower beds  
Wavin' they nubs

Look at them doodle dashers  
Ain't they queer  
Flaggin' they talleywhacker  
Then disappear

Them ever lovin' doodle dashe  
Ain't they pearls  
Wavin' they doodle knobs  
At them girls

How to be a doodle dasher  
Well, you don't need a ticket  
Get your doodle handy  
Jump from a thicket

How about them moose goosers  
 Ain't they recluse  
 Up in them boondocks  
 Goosin' them moose

Goosin' them huge moose  
 Goosin' them tiny  
 Goosin' them mother moose  
 In they heine

Look at them moose goosers  
 Ain't they dumb  
 Some use an umbrella  
 Some use a thumb

Them obtuse moose goosers  
 Sneakin' thru the woods  
 Pokin' them snoozy moose  
 In they goods

How to be a moose gooser  
 It'll turn you puce  
 Get your gooser loose  
 And rouse a drowsy moose

A little shade of light,  
 A bed with sheets so white;  
 A little light, a quiet room,  
 A little loving in the gloom;  
 A pair of hips, so warm and wet,  
 A little whisper "Please Not Yet";  
 A little pillow for the head,  
 Slipped beneath the hips instead.

A little effort to begin,  
 A little help to get it in;  
 A little arm that grips me tight,  
 When I ask, "Does it feel alright".  
 She smiles and says, "It feels so good",  
 And I reply, "I knew it would".

Two little legs around me wind,  
 Two little slanty eyes look into mine;  
 A little movement to and fro,  
 A little whisper, give me more.

Two little hearts beat as one,  
 Two little lovers having fun;  
 A little hunch, A little sign,  
 A little question, "You Cum Yet GI".

A little effort to repeat,  
 A little spot upon the sheet;  
 A little shower when your through  
 A little drink, maybe two.

Finally

A little sleep and then,  
 A little break ~~at~~ at half-past ten  
 Then you arise and put of your hat,  
 Look back and say - GOOD GOD, DID I SCREW THAT.

Now don't move over stanger  
That ain't shit on your seat  
I just got in from the west  
And thats mud on my feet

I just got in from the west  
With tales wild, wooly and bold  
And some of those stories stanger,  
Just gotta be told

Now sit a spell if you will  
And I'll spin you the yarn about Rangy Lil

Now Lil was a school teacher before she came west  
But she gave that up, cause she liked fucken best  
And When she fucked she fucked for keeps  
And piled her victims up in heaps

It was a standard bet around our town  
That no man alive could fuck Lil down

Now out of the bottom of Bare Ass Creek  
Came a Barrel Bellied Bastard named Piss Pot Pete  
Who boasted 18 pounds of that swinging meat

And when he laid it on Murphy's Bar  
It strecked from Har to Thar  
And stink - My God

Now old Lil know she'd met her fate  
But to call the bet was a little too late  
The time and place was set by Lit  
In front of the Shit House on Duffy's Hill

The people gathered from the county seat  
To see the half-breed sink his meat  
Old Lil, she tried hops, skips and jumps  
And other tricks unknown to common cunts

But alas she missed a stroke  
And the half-breed pinned her before she broke  
The country side was tore up for miles around,  
Where old Lils ass had drug the ground

They hung her skivvies on the shithouse door  
To commemorate the plucky whore  
And when the half-breed left the town  
They all said - Thars the man that fucked Lil down

## TOAST

May all your friends forsake you  
And corns grow on your feet  
And crabs as big as cockroaches  
Crawl on your balls and eat

And when your old and gray  
And just a syphilated wreck  
I hope your head falls through your ass  
And breaks your fucking neck

Answer verse ?

Here's to you and here's to me,  
May we never disagree,  
But if we do, fuck you,  
And here's to me.

A bunch of the boy's were whooping it up in one of those Yukon halls  
 The piano player sat against the wall a quietly scratching his balls  
 The Fargo Kid had had his hand on the box of the Lady thats knon as Lu  
 And there on the floor on top of a whore was Dangerous Dan McGrew

Then out of the night as black as a bitch  
 Came this raunchy old prick just in from the crick  
 With a dangerous gleem in his eye  
 His pants were split and covered with shit  
 And he gazed round the room with a sigh

The lights went out and I dove to the floor as the stranger sprang in the night  
 His aim was true, the sparks they flew there were moans and groans to my right  
 The lights came on and the stranger arose with a satisfied grin on his pan  
 And there on the floor with his asshole tore was poor old, Cornholed, Dan

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

Monday I touched her on the ankle  
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
 Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress  
 Thursday, her chemise, Gor Blimey  
 Friday I put my hand upon it  
 Saturday she gave my balls a tweak  
 And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her  
 And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey

Chorus: I don't want to join the ~~Army~~ AIR FORCE  
 I don't want to to to war  
 I just want to hang around  
 Picadilly around  
 Living off the earnings of a high born lady  
 Don't want a bullet up my arse hole  
 Don't want me buttocks shot away  
 I'd rather be in England  
 In jolly, jolly England  
 And fornicate me bloody life away.

Call out the army and the navy  
 Call out the rank and file  
 Call out the royal territorials  
 They face danger with a smile  
 Call out the boys of the old brigade  
 That made old England free  
 You can call out me Mother  
 Me sister and me brother  
 But for God's sake don't  
 Call me, Gor Blimey.

CATS ON THE ROOF TOP

The hippopotamus, so it seems,  
 Seldom if ever has wet dreams  
 But when he does, he comes in streams  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Chorus: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles  
 Cats with the syphillis, cats with the piles  
 Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass,  
 Mama armadillo has an iron bound ass  
 But, papa armadillo has a prick of brass  
 As we revel in the joys of copulation.



Way down south where the alligators roar,  
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore  
'Cause all the alligators are too sore  
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the elephant is a solitary bloke  
Who seldom ever gets a poke,  
But when he does, he lets it soak  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh, the ostrich is a funny old dick  
It isn't very often that he dips his wick  
But when he does he dips it quick'  
As we revel in the joys of copulation.

Oh, I'm a gay cabalero coming from Rio Janeiro,  
 Bouncing with me my lum bum ba de,  
 And two of my lum bum ba deos.

I went to see a sweet senorita,  
 An exceedingly sweet senorita.  
 Taking with me my lum bum ba de,  
 And both of my lum bum ba deos.

We went to a soft sofita,  
 An exceedingly soft sofita.  
 She wanted to see my lum bum ba de  
 And both of my lum bum ba deos.

I got a bad case of clapitas,  
 An exceedingly bad case of clapitas.  
 On the tip of my lum bum ba de,  
 And one of my lum bum ba deos.

I went to see a medico,  
 An exceedingly fine medico.  
 Taking with me my lum bum ba de  
 And both of my lum bum ba deos.

The medico drew a stiletto,  
 An exceedingly sharp stiletto.  
 And cut off the tip of my lum bum ba de  
 And one of my lum bum ba deos.

Now I'm a sad cabalero,  
 Coming from Rio Janeiro.  
 Taking with me no lum bum ba de  
 And only one lum bum ba deos.

Last night as I laid on my pillow,  
 I wanted to play with my willow.  
 But all I find there is a hand full of hair  
 And only one lum bum ba deos.

Fighter Pilot Hymnal  
32 3rd Sq (USAFE) (51)

Intro: We all know that a 'Fighter Pilot' is not a person, but an attitude. No matter which seat the 'Fighter Pilot' performs his mission from, nor from what field he operates, he is above all an individualist. No doubt each one of you knows a different version to the songs enclosed in this hymnal. However, in an effort to obtain maximum volume and thereby drive all bomber types, missile types, and weak dicks from the club, this book is dedicated to the purpose that "Everybody sings", and has a good time.

WARNING

as a 'Fighter Pilot' you are urged to keep your head on a swivel and clear yourself before you rip your nickers by serenading members of the opposite sex with a song containing some of the descriptive, guttural, four lettered, Anglo-Saxon words found in this hymnal. It is not the purpose of this hymnal to offend, rather it is to stimulate a good time between members of the Flying and Fighting profession gathered together to enjoy themselves. Let your conscience and capacity be your guide.

NOTE: For adult teen-agers and juvenile adults only

(52)

The Ballad of Bernie Fisher (Whabash Cannonball)

Sister to the small arms, hear the 20 mike mike roar,  
The AI-E's are bouncing off the A Shaw Valley floor.  
Hear the mighty roar of engines, hear the lonesome Hobo call,  
"I'll get you home to mother when the work's all done this fall."

"Sister, A Shaw Tower," this is Hobo fifty-one,  
"I want to use your runway, although it is overrun.  
A friend of mine is down there a'kicking in a ditch,  
I want to make a passenger-stop and save that son of a bitch!"

Sister to the small arms, hear the 20 mike mike roar,  
The AI-E's are bouncing off the A Shaw Valley floor.  
Hear the mighty roar of engines, hear the lonesome Hobo call,  
"I'll get you home to mother when the work's all done this fall."

(53)  
 So long, John, I'm off to drop the bombs,  
 So don't wait up for me,  
 Recoting a Speetie in any old sector,  
 He can see me on his TV.  
 While we're on a bombing pass,  
 The Speetie's sparkling at the grass  
 And gomers hose my little ass.  
 I'll try to smile somehow.  
 I'll be back to you when the war is over,  
 Two hours and a half from now,  
 Your Speetie aborted ...  
 Three hours and a half from now,  
 Another tanker ...  
 Four hours and a half from now.

Christmas Song (54)  
 Chestnuts roasting on a Shaland fire,  
 Bull frog singing in the choir,  
 Samblay singing HO, HO, HO,  
 It's Mollie Christmas, you know.

Deekos crawling across the cold bare floor.  
 Slid like cooking on the stove.  
 Seelucks kissing near the mistletoe,  
 It's Mollie Christmas, you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss.  
 Barbie beater gets in my way,  
 VC's roasting in a napalm fire.  
 Mollie Christmas, Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street.  
 Napalm rising at their feet,  
 I dropped it low, but they went too slow,  
 Mollie Christmas, Uncle Ho.

VC making love near nice paddy  
 Seeluck's eyes are all aglow,  
 Twenty mike-mike's up his ass,  
 Seeluck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greeting from old Robin olds,  
 Chappie joined him over there,  
 We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,  
 Over Ubon Ratchani, tonight ...

MIG 19 (55)  
 I thought I saw a MIG 19,  
 A twirling up on me.  
 I did, I did. I told him,  
 As big as he could be!  
 I am that great big MIG 19,  
 Joan is my name.  
 And if I catch that F4,  
 I'll shoot him down in flames!

The Yellow Rose of Hanai (56)

There is a yellow rose in Hanai,  
Who loves a fighter crew.  
She runs the Hanai Hilton  
And she long to welcome you.  
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh  
He has a long goatee,  
And if you greet him nicely,  
He'd let you stay for free.

Chorus: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,  
And I'd give you a hunch  
I don't want to meet her family,  
'Cause they're a nasty bunch.  
It's fish heads and ice for breakfast  
And fish heads and ice for tea,  
But so long as they don't catch me,  
No fish heads and ice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom,  
Or you may fly a Shud,  
But if you fly ~~to~~ to Hanai,  
Better listen to me, Bud.  
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,  
Or Los Angeles and such,  
But the yellow rose of Hanai  
Is just a fit too much.

Chorus

Saint Napoleon Pretty to Watch (57)

grim

Chorus: Saint Napoleon pretty to watch,  
" " " " to see,  
It's a gas for you and me

Bright silver pods, they fall from ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> sky,  
See how the glister as homeward they fly.  
They hit the earth with a resounding thud,  
Burn up the trees and dries up the mud.

ch

Yellow petroleum all over the place.  
People watch closely with seductive face.  
Burn, burn, burn, People burned and mowed.  
By pretty red flames, their bodies well scorched.

ch

Fire, fire, fire, it looks like the end.  
Singes the hair and burns the skin.  
Burn, burn, burn, people burned and mowed,  
By pretty red flames, their bodies well scorched.



If you fly

Chorus: Did you go BOOM today? (58)

" " " " "  
Two more blew up yesterday  
D.C. ain't here to stay

If you fly an eighty-nine,  
you must be deaf, dumb and blind.  
For your life ain't worth a dime.  
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

ch  
If you fly a ninety-four,  
you will never hold no more,  
For your lot we do not pine,  
It's better than an eighty-nine.

ch  
If you fly an eighty-six,  
you will really get your kicks.  
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys,  
Playing with their radar boys.

ch  
If you fly a 101,  
tell yourself it's really fun,  
One day it will pitch up with you  
And you will wish you never flew.

ch  
If you fly a 102,  
Don't go up unless it's blue,  
For if you feel one drop of rain,  
you'll be in pieces not a plane.

ch  
If you fly a 104,  
The whole world flocks to you doc.  
Range is short, the wings don't last,  
But golly it sure does fly fast.

ch  
If you fly a Thunderchief,  
you will soon shake like a leaf.  
Flying it may make you sick,  
It handles like a great big tick.

ch  
If you fly a Phantom Two,  
your flying days will soon be through.  
It flies at twice the speed of sound,  
If you can get it off the ground.

ch

## Exercising a Spectre (59)

As I was exercising a spectre one evening,  
and <sup>was</sup> were in orbit around Delta one one,  
a non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English  
was shooting at us with a communist gun.

His marksmanship showed he had his shit together.  
He watered our eyes on the very 1st pass.  
That non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English,  
the son-of-a-bitch had balls made out of brass.

The Spectre TV was locked on his location,  
Their music was playing a symphony sweet.  
The non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English  
was soon to receive a magnificent treat.

We trolled over the gun pit with lights bright & flashing,  
He holed at our ass as we jinked left and right.  
The non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English  
was going to be sorry he fired that night.

We started our bomb pass from 21 thousand,  
The sword locked up fast & the cross hairs were right.  
We picked our bombs & started our pull-off,  
The Demon was loose to rock havoc that night.

That non-Christian gomer who didn't speak English  
Kept shooting at us till the LGB hit,  
He won't shoot no more, Cup, and that is for certain.  
The Mk 84 guided right into the pit.

## Drunk (60)

Drunk last night, drunk the night before  
'Gonna get drunk tonight like I've never been drunk before  
For when I'm drunk I'm happy as can be  
For I am a member of the Souse family.

Now the Souse family is the best family  
That ever came over from Old Germany,  
There's the Highland Dutch and Lowland Dutch  
The Rotterdam Dutch and the God Damn Dutch

Singing glories, glories,  
One keg of beer for the four of us.  
Singing glory be to God that there are no more of us,  
For one of us could drink it all alone! Damn near  
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk - The lucky stiffs.